



Machines Gone Mad



machines

dystopia

scifi

21 0 3

Chapter 1 by Glowy-Druglord

The lab was somewhat quiet, the only thing I could really hear was my own humming and the harsh crank of the wrench. I stood, grasping the wrench in both of my hands, cranking it downward with all of my strength. The washer tightened enough for the optics of my beautiful robot to flicker on. I grinned at my work, wiping my forehead with the greasy towel I had around my shoulders. Thunderhead was coming along just fine, he was one of my more successful creations out of the nine battle machines I've made.

"Up and at 'em, boys!" I shouted, picking my black and blue headset off of my desk and placing it over my ears. Different colors illuminated as the machines slipped out of the darkness. "The Queen wants you posted around the walls of the city. Titan," she called, looking at the tallest white robot, "Watch over the Queen. I don't want her to get hurt."

The robot bowed his helm. "Of course." His voice was a light Yorkshire British, but still male. "I will do my best."

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account